

The LAY-MONK.

Neq; bona spes absq; labore utile quicquam parit.
Socrat. apud Stobæum.

From WEDNESDAY, January 6. to FRIDAY, January 8. 1713.

To Mr. JACOB RAVENSCROFT.

S I R,

I Thank you for your Essay on *Impudence*, and must own that it has cur'd me of the strangest Humour in the World, tho' perhaps the most pleasant. Before I read your Discourse, I led an unaccountable delightful Life: The best Part of every Day was spent in my Closet, where I muster'd up in my Imagination the several Qualifications that entitl'd me to future Greatness. About ten Years since I began this Kind of Life, when designing to enter myself at the University, I withdrew to my Study. My first Prospect on this Undertaking was that I should be chief Proctor, within a Minute I fancy'd my self Head of a House, then Vice-chancellor, then a Bishop, and (before a Quarter of an Hour was expired) I became an Archbishop. I was no sooner settling my Affairs in my Archbishoprick, but that Thought was justl'd out of my Head by another, which suggested a more speedy Ascent by the Law. I pass'd thro' the Degrees of a Barrister, Serjeant and Judge, and was a Lord-Chancellor before the Hour was out, when I began to think of Physick, and from thence as swift as an Arrow my Fancy return'd to my Archbishoprick.

As I was indulging my self with these pleasing Hopes, a Country Gentleman broke in upon me; and my Fancy wrought so strongly, that I immediately told him I should certainly be Proctor of the University: Tho' his Objections seem'd so

many real Bars to my Preferment while he was present, an innate Impudence and a sanguine Constitution got over them with Ease as soon as he left me, and I fell back into my former Chain of Thoughts. I spent my time in shifting from one fantastick Dignity to another, still building Castles in the Air. A thousand delightful Ideas glanc'd thro' my Imagination. The Prospect of future Greatness ravish'd me as I lay on my Bed, made my Dreams pleasant, enhanc'd my daily Enjoyments, and sweeten'd all accidental Crosses. Thus I enjoy'd at once the present and the future Happiness without Disturbance; and while I was thus deceiv'd, my conceited Worth would not let me perceive my Delusion.

I long pursu'd this Course, but at last resolv'd to exert my self by Action. I was so forcibly deluded, that I bought Velvet-Sleeves, and bespoke a Couple of Servants for my Equipage in my first Post of Honour. I bespoke Liveries, and pitch'd on some Friends for my Chaplains. I frequently solac'd my self with hammering out some proper Revenge for *Bob Blunt* and *Jack Smart*, who had affronted me. Such as had been wanting to me in the least Respect due to my Merit, I decreed to punish by a scornful Neglect hereafter. But this was not all: I began to think my self a Man of Wealth and Honour already, and kept State accordingly. I talk'd and jested with the Air of a Man of Quality, and punn'd with as much Authority as one that is worth a Plumb: A sage Apothegm or a quaint Allusion were the perpetual Flowers of my Conversation; all which

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I could handsomely set forth by an important
Look, or a fly Wink on the Man who I thought
most approv'd my Wit.

As the foregoing Part of my Character shows
me a great Forecaster, I kept a Scheme of all
the Members of Parliament which should be
chosen in *England* till the Year 1720. I told my
Friends who should get Places at Court, with as
much Assurance as if I had been a Privy-Coun-
sellor. No Man of Honour was nam'd in my
hearing, but by a sidewind Arrogance I let the
Company know that I, or some Friend of mine,
or some Friend's Friend of mine was acquainted
with him. To procure Credit to my Words, if
I receiv'd any Frank'd Letters, I left them on
my Table, or stuck them up in my Window,
with the Supercriptions exposed to view; be-
sides several others which I forg'd as Frank'd by
such a Lord, and such an Earl. I spent the great-
est Part of my Time that was employ'd in Action,
in rambling from one Place to another, to pick
up Scraps of Intelligence, which I deliver'd ra-
ther according to my Memory, than my Under-
standing: I romanc'd how such a great Man took
me aside at such a Time, what such a one said to
me at another, what Discourse pass'd where I din'd
Yesterday, what Company there was, what Dishes,
what Wine; and what Intrigues were on foot in
Church and State. I cultivated a genteel Beha-
viour, and set off a *Nut-brown Face with a Light*
Wig, because I fancy'd it made me look wise;
and with a Doubt, a Nod, or a Shrug, I took
upon me to contradict whatever was affirm'd in
Conversation.

Such a Dream of Life lull'd me on for seven
Years; but I was awaken'd by an Election of a
Magistrate in the Town where I dwell. I espou-
sed the Cause of *Tom Bell*, and in Confidence of
my fancy'd Greatness, doubted not of Success;
but missing my Aim, I rav'd like a Madman,
calling all such as oppos'd me Knaves, Fools,
and a *Faction*. But upon cooler Reflection, I
was rous'd from my Lethargy, and discover'd to
my great Discontent that I was in Reality no
Man of Power, as I had flatter'd my self; and
thence I drew a true Conclusion, that a meer
Consciousness of Merit was not sufficient to gain
an implicit Deference. Hereupon I resolv'd
forthwith to exert my Abilities, and make haste
to my deserv'd Greatness; but while I was
sweating to find out what my Genius was turn'd
for, I happen'd to fall on your Paper. I there

observ'd that Impudence was a Spur to any thing;
and that Conceit would swell a Mole-hill to a
Mountain. With Difficulty and Sorrow I apply'd
it to my self; and tho' I do not bear the Stamp
of a Coxcomb in my Face, yet I am now per-
swaded 'twas a daring and bo'd Confidence of
my own Worth that set me so long a Star-gazing
on Greatness and Futurity.

I am resolv'd for the future to live like my
Neighbours, and be a modest sober Man; for
tho' I am call'd *the Old Trojan*, I am not too old
to amend. As I am by Birth a *Cornish* Man,
grafted on a *Spaniard*, I shall pursue the open un-
disguis'd Honesty of the former. At the same
time I renounce the formal Starchness of the
latter, and am sorry I retain the Name of

Don John Ronquillo.

I have the Directions of the Society to acquaint
our Correspondent, that tho' he has humorously
enough describ'd a sanguine Impudence in the
foregoing Letter, yet his last Paragraph destroys
his Title to it. In short, it will not be allow'd
that a Man was ever-impudent, who passes away
his Life in empty Speculations, and does not re-
duce the Theory to Practice. I have by me a
Letter of *Harry brother's* to a Lady on his first
seeing her, that describes this thriving Quality
after a more genuine Manner.

MADAM,

YOU are handsome, I am ugly; you have
a Fortune, I have spent one; the World,
that says you have every good Quality, will not
allow that I have one. After this you may be
surpris'd, if I tell you that I am to be your Hus-
band. I am resolv'd not to leave you till I
have convinc'd you of the Truth of this; so I
wish you Joy, and am



Your most Faithful Humble Servant,

Henry Brazier.

I am loth, for the Credit of the fair Sex, to say
what was the Success of this bold Pretender. In
short, it may be said of real Impudence, what
Horace says of Vertue, That it is incapable of any
Repulse.

L O N D O N, Printed: And Sold by James Roberts in Warwick-Lane, where
Advertisements are taken in, at Three Shillings each.